

The Mirror

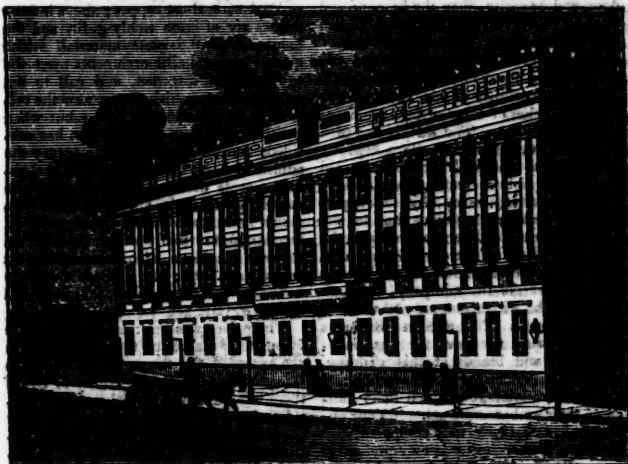
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXXIX.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1826.

[PRICE 2d.]

Marble Palace at St. Petersburg.



THE events which have recently occurred in St. Petersburg, where the heir to the throne, the Grand Duke Constantine, abdicated the power with which he was invested, to confer the empire on a younger brother, Nicholas, naturally draws the attention of the public to the capital of Russia. Of the secret causes of this change in the succession, or the political consequences likely to arise from it, we shall say nothing; indeed the event itself is so extraordinary, that it baffles conjecture, and although all the daily journals have written on the subject, yet their opinions are merely speculative. We doubt not we shall be thought performing a more acceptable duty to our readers in presenting them with a beautiful view of the splendid Marble Palace at St. Petersburg, and an account of some of the Russian sovereigns.

From the wilds of ancient Scythia issued one of the most extraordinary persons that ever dignified the annals of mankind. The fables of Osiris, of Bacchus, of Hercules, and of Theseus, are suited to amuse children, the history of Peter the Great, who lived within the recollection of our persons, deserves the attention of mature years. There is no illustrious character

of antiquity or of modern times, which has attracted less notice, or merited more admiration. The country which Alexander could not conquer was subdued by Peter, not by rapine and violence, by war and desolation; but by virtue, urbanity, and science. Historians condescended to venerate the plunderers and destroyers of mankind, but those who have distributed peace and happiness through all the degrees of rank, from the cottage to the throne, are neglected and forgotten. History is only useful as it conduces to the welfare of the species; the Iliad of Homer formed the mind of Philip's son, the curse of the human race; the history of Peter is adapted to infuse those pacific principles, which, in every age and country, are the blessing of society.

Whatever may be said of the ferocity of the Saracens, or of the barbarity of the Muscovites, the reigns of the Emperors of Turkey and of Russia, for a considerable period, were the most tranquil and durable of any of the potentates of Europe and Asia. Peter the Great ascended the throne in the year 1682, and during his protracted government, founded St. Petersburg, the new capital of a dominion more extensive than

the Roman empire. The success of all the plans of this illustrious Prince, for the welfare of his people, depended on his skill in effecting an important change in the public mind; in the attempt he had to contend with the ignorance and ferocity of the Sarmatian horde, and perhaps nothing shews more conspicuously his wisdom and sagacity, than the humane and familiar means he employed to accomplish this great design.

In 1703 the Czar resided at Moscow, and gave a general invitation to the male and female nobility of his Tartar court, on the occasion of the marriage of one of the royal jesters. The fact is recorded from the authority of the diary kept by the monarch himself. He commanded that all the visitors should appear dressed in the ancient costume. An old superstitious ceremony required that no fire should be permitted in the family of the married couple on the day of their nuptials; Peter therefore had none prepared in his palace for the company, although it was in the winter season, and the cold was extreme. The ancient Russians drank no wine, the beverage was therefore mead and brandy at this wedding. The circle whispered some feeble and modest complaints, on which Peter ridiculed their embarrassments. "Your ancestors," said he, "were contented with this fare, and antiquity is ever preferable to novelty." The Czar, by such expedients, eradicated the prejudices of his country against modern improvements, and from the degradation of the Vandal colonies, and the Usbec tribes, raised it to the first rank amongst the powers of Europe.

Of the novelties he introduced, one of the most remarkable was the removal of his capital nearly five hundred miles from the ancient seat of barbarian empire. St. Petersburg is built in the gulf of Cronstadt, intersected by artificial channels of the Neva, which limit the districts of the city. This magnificent capital, in the year 1702, was a putrid fen.

The first Admiralty division is in the centre of the residence. It is the smallest, but the most elegant. What the *quartier du Palais Royal* was to Paris, this division is to St. Petersburg! the heart of the city, in which luxury and wealth have established their seat, the centre of amusement and business, the brilliant resort of pleasure and fashion. Within its circuit are three and twenty structures of magnitude, of which the Imperial Winter Palace is the most conspicuous. Next in rank is the Marble Palace, it forms a quadrangle; and at one extreme are two projecting wings. The main front has a

spacious court, bounded by the *manege* of the palace. This gigantic pile is composed of three stories, and the general effect is in a high degree magnificent; the basement is of granite, the superstructure of grey marble, decorated with columns and pilasters of red marble; the roof is supported by iron bars, and is covered with sheet copper; the window frames are of brass richly gilded, and the balconies of the same material. The marble and metallic ornaments meet the eye in every direction, and call to the mind of the astonished spectator the oriental tales of golden palaces; but when the first paroxysm of admiration has subsided, and time is allowed to survey the edifice with an eye of an artist, he observes some defects. The colour of the marble is too dark, and the general character is too ponderous. The principal façade ought certainly to have been erected towards the Neva, from whose shores it would have risen, like a splendid temple dedicated to the gods of this imperial river.

The palace was built originally for the favourite of Catherine the second, before she ascended the throne; his name was Gregory Orloff. Of the family of Orloff there were five brothers who rose to consideration in the state; and if we may confide in the authority of a French writer, one of them, Alexis, afterwards admiral in the Turkish war in 1768, was instrumental in the barbarous regicide committed on the person of Catherine's husband. Gregory neither possessed the advantages of birth nor education; but he was endowed with personal courage and manly beauty. It was a species of vanity with Count Peter Schuwaloff, commander of the corps of artillery to which Orloff belonged, to employ the handsomest men to attend his person in the office of aide-de-camp, and on this account he selected Gregory. For the same reason the Princess Kourakin, who was the commander's mistress, preferred the new attendant to his general; Schuwaloff discovered their intrigue, and threatened to cool his ardour amid the snows of Siberia. The adventure attracted general notice; the more clamorous the mortified commander, the greater was the risibility he excited; the profligate maxims of a court on such occasions, admit a very small degree of compassion to be exercised toward the sufferer, and very little resentment to the intruder. Orloff rather attracted envy than indignation, and the Arch-Duchess Catherine was extremely curious to see this irreproachable aide-de-camp. Ivanoff, her woman, procured an interview; the conversation was frequent; Orloff became the partner

of her pleasure, and the associate of her ambition; in the latter he was at this time probably her sole confidant, in the former he had many coadjutors.

Catherine, when young, was handsome; and to the last hours of her life she retained uncommon grace and dignity of deportment; she was not tall as she is generally represented, but of the middle size, and well proportioned; her countenance was open, her nose aquiline, and the lower part of her face agreeable. In the latter years of her life she used rouge, from the desire of postponing to the latest period the appearance of age. On the companions of her sexual pleasures, during the thirty-four years of her reign, she is said to have expended a sum equal to twenty millions sterling, so that the imperial establishment dedicated to Venus, may be estimated at the annual charge of nearly six hundred thousand pounds. After Orloff had been rejected, he unexpectedly appeared at the residence of the court; the Empress knew the violence of his temper, the guard of the palace was doubled, and the military were stationed to protect the person of the new favourite. These precautions were unnecessary, the unsupported valour of Orloff must prove ineffectual; he was disgraced, and therefore he was abandoned. The intrepidity of the discarded lover was not easily shaken; messengers on the part of the Empress demanded of him the resignation of his employment—he sent them back unsatisfied. The Empress could easily punish the subject who resisted her will, but she was disposed to treat with indulgence the friend she had cherished in her bosom. Orloff, who would not submit to violence, yielded to the condescension of his royal mistress, whose generosity conferred upon him, as the price of his submission, one hundred thousand rubles, a pension of fifty thousand, a silver vessel of singular magnificence, and an estate (in the Russian mode of computation) of six thousand peasants. He had already obtained the diploma of Prince of the Empire; as it was his intention to travel, Catherine wished him to assume the title, ambitious, no doubt, that he should appear at foreign courts with the dignity due to the imperial favourite.

The part Catherine acted has the appearance of weakness, but it was consistent with her true character. The pride of this Princess was extravagant, but the passion of love will sometimes humble the most arrogant. She knew that if she punished the insolence of Orloff, she should alarm those who were subject to the mutability of her affections; and she was willing to convince them that her

gratitude was more permanent than her personal attachment.

The liberality of the Empress could not administer consolation to Orloff, he had married a young and beautiful woman, but the accession of the new favourites was to him insupportable. He endeavoured to amuse his mind by travelling—during his stay at Lausanne his wife died, which involved him in the most poignant grief. Soon after this event he returned to court, where he affected the most extravagant gaiety, to the malicious amusement of the courtiers, who were well acquainted with the history of his disappointment. Orloff at length retired to Moscow, where he died in despair.

On this event the Marble Palace devolved back to the Empress; and during her life it remained uninhabited. Paul, her successor, having invited Stanislaus Poniatowsky, king of Poland (her early favourite) to St. Petersburg, he made this the place of his residence, whence he terminated his inglorious existence.

The view we have given of the Marble Palace, is sufficient to show it to be a building of considerable magnificence. It is of the composite order; the columns are tolerably correct in the base and the shaft, but not perfectly so in the capital and entablature. When we consider that so short a period has elapsed since the time when almost every building in the Russian empire was of unbewn wood, we are astonished at the rapid improvement in the arts, which exhibits in so striking a view the wisdom and energy of the Imperial Throne.

Under the reign of the late Emperor Alexander, of whom we gave a memoir in No. CLXXVI. of the MIRROR, the following acquisitions of territory were made by the Russian empire, either by treaty or conquest:—1. The province of Byalostock; 2. The Grand Duchy of Finland; 3. Bessarabia; 4. The Persian provinces to the Araxes and the Kerk; 5. The kingdom of Poland, a part of which Russia had possessed ever since the unjust partition of that kingdom by Austria, Russia, and Prussia.

BON MOT.

(For the Mirror.)

At a ball given some time ago, a gentleman whose name was Lamb was on the point of attending some ladies to their carriage, when his sister, recollecting his hair had been that morning very closely cut, entreated him not to expose himself to the night air; a young barrister, who was standing near her, remarked, with infinite promptitude, "God tempers the weather to the shorn Lamb."

WINTER SCENES.

BY JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

Author of the "Siller Gun."

How keen and ruthless is the storm!
Stern Winter in its bitterest form!
Long cheerless nights, and murky days!
No sun beam gladdens misery's ways!
The frost has stopp'd yon village mill,
And labour, everywhere, stands still;
Even birds, from leafless groves withdrawn,
Fall, torpid, on the frozen lawn—
No more, in Spring, to greet the morn,
Or build their nests in yonder thorn!

Loud howls the wind along the vale!
Shipwreck and death are in the gale!
Lorn, weary travellers, as they go,
Are wilder'd in the trackless snow,
Groping, in fearful dread, between
Dossel'd ice, and gulphs unseen!
Lest, after all the dangers past,
The next sad step should be their last!

To town or city if we turn,
What numbers weep, what numbers mourn!
Unshelter'd sons of toil and care,
Cold, shivering, comfortless and bare!
Poor seamen, erst in battle brave,
Half-famish'd, sinking to the grave!
Sad groups, who never begg'd before,
Imploping aid from door to door!
While helpless age, too frail to roam,
Is perishing, for want, at home!

Hard fate, when poverty and years
Assail us, in this vale of tears,
Till death, the dismal scene to close,
In pity, terminates our woes!

O! ye, whom Providence hath blest,
With wealth to succour the distressed,
O! lend your help in time of need!
The naked clothe—the hungry feed,
And great, from HEAVN, shall be your meed.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, K. G.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR.—A friend who is compiling biographical memoirs of the most distinguished military characters of our country, will be obliged to any of your readers who can inform him where Sir Thomas Erpingham, K. G., the hero of Agincourt, Temp. Hen. V. was interred.
Kensington, AN INQUIRER.
Dec. 6, 1825.

THE GIFT.

O! would'st thou give that heart of thine
As free as I give this,
True happiness and joy would reign,
In one continued bliss.
Then dearest maid confess at once
To whom thine heart is given,
Deny me not, but quick reply
'Tis by the will of Heaven.

J. B.

EPIGRAM.

A student in his garret used to howl
O'er musty volumes of old Grecian lore,
Till his poor crazy head was heavy;
Fate, at morning, noon, and candle-light,
And Aristotle were his dear delight,
The Grail of his attic story.

C. H.

NOTES OF AN ITINERANT.

CHAPTER III.

(For the Mirror.)

CALAIS.

AN English coach running constantly between Boulogne and Calais, in which we took our seats, quickly rolled us out of the suburbs of Boulogne into the main road to Calais. From the scanty weights on the coach, we soon began to experience all the inconveniences of bad roads so familiar to France. At every few yards the "jumping" of the stage, as it is called, produces a jolt sufficiently forcible to rattle every joint in the skin; the cause is obvious, the inequalities of hardness in the road, from a partial sinking settles into deep ruts, although the roads are constantly under repair—pieces of broken marble from the quarries, after undergoing an operation something in the nature of Macadamization, are strewn over the surface of the road, but so unequally, as to give to some parts a resistable hardness, while the common soil of the road is soft and yielding to the wheel; so that the imperfect remedy applied, becomes the very cause of the evil. Men working upon these roads are paid at the rate of 50 francs a month, which is considered by them as tolerable wages.

Entering from the Boulogne road, Calais lies spread out before the view, looking like a wide well-thronged town; and on a nearer approach towards the outer barriers, its fortified outworks appear, thrown up in military mounds or embankments all around. After passing the outer barrier, you go successively through three portcullises, and over the chain bridges of the moat; within the second gate the officer from the Bureau inquires for the passports, and you then proceed into the town.

The cliffs rise rather boldly at Calais on one side, and on the other sink into lowness and insignificance. About the port there is a busy commercial appearance—vessels continually loading and going out of the Quai, and a general concourse of sailors and porters crowding the harbour.

The square called *Place de la Quarantaine*.

is a regular open-looking square, flanked on all sides by shops of every description. The streets of Calais are mostly paved and clean, and not unlike many of the dull back streets of the English metropolis. On the whole, Calais has all the features of a busy, populous town, built much more regular than Boulogne, and seems to be more *police*, and possessing more uniformity in its general appearance. The lace manufactories here are much encouraged, having received the direct patronage of the Mayor, and several individuals of authority; and it has been found of much service in putting in motion a mass of poor industrious people, besides giving general extensive employment.

There are some pleasant promenades upon the ramparts, overlooking the country round Calais; and a *Cafe* here for the sale of ices and refreshments, is resorted to by the visitors in the evening who are scattered on the walks after the hours of business.

From a general comparison of French scenes and society with the descriptions given by modern tourists, it must be confessed much exaggeration has been indulged in, and a colouring bestowed which actual things and circumstances by no means warrant. None of the obvious dirt and uncleanness, which has been so much dwelt upon, is to be discovered. I am satisfied that the French, in a majority of instances, may bear a comparison with many provincial towns of England. The frame-work of society differs in no material respects, and with the more latent habits of a people it is seldom a mere traveller has much to do.

It is certain an intercourse with foreign society serves to increase a taste for institutions at home, by showing the various materials of which the systems of mankind are composed, as they are extended through the different forms of government in the world; yet there is no fear of English prejudices in favour of its own "political system" being easily overcome:—

"Angli suo sinesque impense mirantur."

And after a collision with every kind of feeling and opinion, as it has arisen in the different states and countries of the earth, the English mind returns purified by the trial, to the freedom and enjoyments of its home, the influence that thus triumphs over all external circumstance and situation, must be powerful indeed, and which rivets you down to the thoughts of the existence of your little domicile, within whose circle you are, the very emperor—the lord within its threshold; your wishes

are decrees, and all within its walls your indefeasible fee; the "willing air," if you can tame it or charm it into confinement, is your own; the freedom of the whole precinct—the title of its cupboards—its larders and its wine-bins are yours—the excise, the search-warrant of every corner is within your span—the eternal movement from room to room—the quietude or turmoil, and the unrestrained ingress and egress within and without its portals; all, all this, and more, makes out a grand *Magna Charta* of domestic rights which none shall gainsay or invade; and with all these combined privileges, who shall disregard the affections of home?

B. A. T.

A NEW YEAR'S ODE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE YEARS 1826,
AND 1826.

(Twenty-five retiring—enter Twenty-six.)

1826. Good twenty-five one moment prithees stay,

I'm twenty-six, your brother—New Year's Day.

1825. What's that to me, I cannot stay! remember

I am the thirty-first of old December!

Besides its owing all to you that I

Am thus obliged to go, retire, and die.

It is, upon my soul, beyond all reason,

To slide one's life off in the jolly season!

Am I, who've sweated all the dog days through,

To lose my Christmas ale and pudding too!

I, who have toil'd through all the year to die

Just as we get to brandy and mince pie,
Could I have thought that this would be my fate;

Hang me if ever I'd have lived so late!

I would have put some lightning to my head,

And fashionably thunder'd myself dead,

When Sirius 'gan his fiery bolts to pelt;

Hang in the Zodiac, or Orion's belt!

Of Acheron's black waters drunk a cup,

Or in an earthquake swallowed myself up,

Instead of which through twelve long months I've run,

And circled vulgarly around the sun,

Sucked shivering milk in January's lap

And fed on February's muddy pap!

The storms of March, insipid April showers,

And pestered May with her pretty flowers!

The dust of June, the dog days of July,

August, dull tale of oak, and wheat and rye!

September shooting, and October ale,

November gloom, thick fog, and cutting ale,

All these I've borne, yet now the villains
grudge
A merry Christmas! and I'm forced to
budge.
O! New Year's Day if I advice might
give,
Die now my child, nor condescend to live.
1826. Thank you December, but I wish to try
A little pudding, and your Christmas pie!
If these are eatable, I feel, in truth,
Some little symptoms of a liquorish tooth!
Besides that pap you talk of, and those
showers,
Dog days, and dust, and Maia's pretty
flowers,
Wheat, oats, and rye, ale, shooting, and
cold sky,
I come to see them once before I die!
Just have a glimpse of that disgusting
place,
And peep upon them with a double face.
1825. Joy to your double face, then peep away,
Live till you meet another New Year's
Day!
But let me tell you ere the clock strikes
one,
And my three hundred sixty-five days
gone,
It will be worth your while, I think, to
mind
Those little puppets that you call mankind,
And I'll just show you, Janus, if it suits,
How you may know them well from other
brutes!
Observe—(the curtain rises and discovers
the world).
1826. Good Heavens! the world, and where's
mankind,
Is that a man there with a tail behind,
That chatters, prates, bows, cringes to
the ground,
Grins, and takes snuff, and mimics all
around?
1825. That's not a man, but you may well mis-
take it.
That is a monkey, New Year's Day, I
take it.
1826. But what's that dull and heavy looking
clod,
That lets the whole world buffet him
about?
Is that a man?
1825. Let me observe my glass—
No, not a man, I fancy, that's an ass.
1826. What's that which guttles, grunts, and
groans so yonder,
Eats, sleeps, and drinks—is that a man, I
wonder?
1825. Do you mean that—that's wagging in the
bog?
1826. I do.
1825. Then, then, you're out—for that's a hog.
1826. What's that, that groans so, and so
rudely treats
The other animals, and brutes it meets!
Is that a man?
1825. O dear, no, have a care,
Don't think so ill of man, Sir, that's a
bear.
1825. Then what's that thing that pokes its neck
about,

Gabbles and stares, and looks so like a
lout,

Is that—but do not think I mean abuse—
That now, is that a man?

1825. No, that's a goose.

1826. And tell me what's that trifier, I entreat,
That hops so pretty on his hinder feet,
Curts at his ears, and neck and ribbon
gav,

What can that be?

1825. A puppy, New Year's day.

1826. A puppy, well, and what's that stubborn
dog

That stands stock still, as senseless as a
log,

Threats, blows, nor love, nor prayers
move the fool,

I hope that's not a man.

1825. No, that's a mule.

1826. But, Heavens! what comes here! Look
now the moon, look,

1825. Where? God bless us, no, an air balloon!
In a work basket underneath that bell,
Don't you see something move?

1826. No, not at all.

1825. Nonsense, you must, a little kind of sea
Waving his hat and flag about.

1826. I see,
Under the great beast's belly.

1825. Right.

1826. I can,

Poor little thing, what is it?

1825. That's a man.

1826. A man?

1825. A man.

1826. The Lord have mercy on us.

1825. Mind have a care, 'twill burst and fall
upon us.

See, see, it is torn, how the rent increases.
It falls down and the man's dashed to
pieces.

These New Year's Day are symptoms of
mankind!

How far they leave all other beasts be-
hind,

For do you think that any has would dare
Frisk for his pleasure through the empty
air,

Do you imagine that that goose hard by,
If it had got two wings would try to fly,

But man has got most kindly given by fate,
A little nob at top he calls his pate,

And in that nob such whimsies and such
whimsies,

Such wild ideas and visionary dreams,
That during all your yearality on earth,

His compound oddities may make you
mirth,

For to complete him in another part,
Besides this nob he has a thing called heart,

A very upright thing as I've been told,
When times were young and New Year
Days were old;

But human hearts have seldom travelled
straight,

Since their first parents passed the fiery
gate.

In brotherhood there lived a Mr. Adams,
But he, poor man, was ruined by a woman,

By her mismanagement then slobbered in
A wretched sorry sort of jade called sin.

She manages the heart, caprice the pate,
These jointly, human actions regulate,
Thus as you run your annual orbit
through,

These puppets will exhibit to your view,
Feats that no other animals delight in,
Intrigue, coittilious, scratching, and
fighting,

Dress, gaming, poetry, electioneering,
Bowling, and snattering, coquetting, leering,
Corruption, honour, love, duel, suicide,
And a thousand other freaks beside;
Music, and prayer, bloodshed, murder,
thieving,

Preaching, blasphemy, sweating, laugh-
ing, grieving,

Freedom and slavery, obedience, and
treason,

Folly and vice, philosophy and reason,
Twelve months of each a specimen will
give,

So if you like this chaos, brother, live,
At the twelfth hour your Zodiac race
pursue,

I leave the world to darkness and to you,
To sin and folly—hark! I hear the bell,
My Almanack existence ends—farewell!
(Exit twenty-five as the clock strikes
twelve)

G. 3.

Select Biography.

No. XXXVIII.

ANTHONY ASKAM.

ANTHONY ASKAM (the author of a book entitled "How farre a Man may Lawfully Conforme to the Power and Commands of those who, with various successes, hold Kingdomes, divided by Civill or Forreigne Warres; printed at London, Anno Dom. 1648), was born of a genteel family, and educated in Eton school, and thence elected to King's college in Cambridge, in 1633. Afterwards taking the degree of Master of Arts, closed with the Presbyterians in the beginning of the Rebellion, took the covenant, sided with the Independents, became a great creature of the Long Parliament (by whose authority he was made tutor to James, Duke of York), and an active person against his sovereign. At length, being looked upon as sufficiently anti-monarchical, he was, by the Rump Parliament, sent as their agent or resident to the court of Spain, in the latter end of the year 1649. In the beginning of June following, he arrived at Madrid, and had an apartment appointed him in the court; but certain English royalists, then in that city, taking it in great disdain that such a notorious rebel (one of the destroyers of their nation, as they called him) should come there from the murderers of his sacred Majesty of England,

six of them, named John Guillim, Will. Spark, Valentine Progers, J. Halsal, Will. Arnet, and Henry Progers, repaired to his lodging; two of them stood at the bottom of the stairs, two at the top, and two entered his chamber, of whom Spark being the first, drew up to the table where Askam and another were sitting, and pulling off his hat, said, "Gentlemen, I kiss your hands; pray which is the resident?" Whereupon the resident rising up, Guillim took him by the hair of the head, and with a naked dagger gave him a thrust that overthrew him. Then came in Spark and gave him another; and because they would make sure of their work they gave him five stabs, of which he instantly died. Whereupon Jo. Bap. Riva, his interpreter, thinking to retire to his chamber, four others that were without the chamber gave him four wounds, whereof he presently expired. Afterwards five of the Englishmen took sanctuary, but were hauled thence, imprisoned, and Spark suffered. The sixth person, named Henry Progers, fled to the Venetian ambassador's house, and so escaped. The said Anthony Askam, who was slain 6th June, 1650, hath written a discourse, wherein is examined what is particularly lawful during the revolutions and confusions of government, or how far a man may lawfully conform to the powers and commands of those, who, with various successors, hold kingdoms divided by foreign and civil wars, &c. Likewise, whether the nature of war be inconsistent with the precepts of the Christian religion; London, 1648, October, in three parts, and with additions, London, 1649, October; and other things, as it is probable, but which I have not seen.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

THE MARTYRDOM OF AGNES MORTON.

THE following is an extract from an admirable tale, called *The Martyrdom of Agnes Morton*, from the pen of the lively author of the *Lollards*, and exemplifies the intimate acquaintance he manifested in that excellent novel with the History of England, during the early stages of the reformation. The following is an appalling specimen of religious persecution. The scene was in Smithfield, where so many other victims to a savage superstition met a similar fate:—

A chair was brought, in which she was permitted to seat herself, and then Dr. Shaxton, who had accompanied the Sheriff, passed to the pulpit.

He preached of mercy and repentance, but withal enforced the necessity of firmly performing the solemn duty imposed on the guardians of Christ's church, by extirpating those whose wilful obstinacy tended, not only to their own perdition, but also to the undoing of millions, who, were it not for them, would be "safely gathered into the fold by the good Shepherd."

Agnes listened attentively to his discourse;—to those parts which seemed to her in accordance with the Scriptures, she bowed assent, but when some of the tenets of the Catholic faith were insisted upon, she shook her head, or breathed her conviction that there was displayed the vain bigotry of Rome.

The sermon ended, it was intimated to her that having heard the cogent and unanswerable reasonings of a learned doctor, well calculated to dispel the errors into which she had been betrayed, if she had happily so profited by his labours, as to be content to yield her opinion, her pardon, already signed, should forthwith be given into her hands.

To this she replied, that having been guilty of no crime against religion, she could profess no repentance. The grand charge against Agnes was, that she had denied the real presence of the Deity in the bread used for the Sacrament. Her opinion she again defended. The bread so used, if put away for a time, would become mouldy, and this she urged as a proof that it could not be God. When reminded of the words of the Saviour declaring it to be his flesh, she insisted that his language was figurative; as when stating that he would raise the *Temple* again in three days, he had spoken of the temple of his body.

In vain the churchman argued—in vain the lover prayed—the martyr was resolute.

The executioner bound Agnes to the stake. He deposited a bag of powder on either side of the victim.

The wood was piled round the sufferer, reaching up to her neck. One of the Sheriff's drew near, and again required her to renounce her errors.

"My errors," said Agnes, "I have already renounced, and therefore am I brought to this."

"She refuses pardon!" cried the Sheriff.

The Bishops looked at each other in astonishment, and with apparent horror, in which the chief magistrate fully parti-

cipated; the latter then proceeded to give the last awful command.

"Enough," said he, "has been done for mercy. Now"—he paused for a second, to give more impressive force to the mandate which was to follow—"now, *Fiat Justitia!*"

Prompt to perform his dreadful task, that instant saw the executioner apply the lighted torch to the straw and tarred shavings, which formed the base of the pile prepared for the immolation of Agnes. The crackling flame rose rapidly, and completely encircled the sufferer. Her hair was in a blaze, and her face already scorched, presented a frightful contrast to what it had lately been. It was now veiled by the ascending smoke, and then displayed by the vivid light which succeeded. Amidst the roar of the increasing fire, the accents of thankfulness and prayer were heard to ascend. The powder exploded, and enveloped her in its frightful glare, but it had not the effect of extinguishing life. She continued, aloud, her appeal to the Deity.

Withdrawing her thoughts for a moment from prayer, Agnes thought of her lover. "I feel it not," she exclaimed; "I am wonderfully sustained; now, Edwin, can you doubt?"

"That these are flanders—that you are a martyr? No; this constancy must be from Heaven! A convert to thy faith, I pant but to follow thee, and die for the truth!"

"It is finished!" Agnes sighed, repeating the words which closed the awful scene of Calvary; and, looking upwards with exultation, while she spoke. Her limbs were consumed:—she sank, and ceased to exist!

Those by whose decision she suffered expressed their conviction, that the awful warning thus supplied would not be lost on others.

The stake and faggot could not impede the march of faith. Bigotry laboured with useless industry to subdue truth, but sacred zeal converted torture and ignominy into joy and glory! The crown of martyrdom was sought with eagerness, and the flaming pile, from which human weakness, under other circumstances, would have shrunk with trembling horror, was likened, by the intrepid Christian of that day, to the fiery chariot in which the prophet, favoured by the direct interference of the Most High, had passed at once from earth to heaven,—from the troubles of mortal life to the presence of the God he adored!

Amulet.

MOUTACHE, OR THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.

Arma Canemque Cano.

MONTAIGNE has given a whole essay to war-horses, and celebrated, with his usual talent, the prowess of the various steeds who have, in different ages of the world, "done some service," not merely by bearing their masters through the field of battle, but by executing a pugnacious prowess separately and distinctly their own. If he had lived in our time, he would not assuredly have grudged a page or two to Moustache.

Moustache was born at Falaise, in Normandy, as nearly as can be ascertained, in or about the month of September, 1794. The family being numerous, he was sent, at the age of six months, to Caen, to push his own fortunes, and was reared into the house of an eminent grocer, where he was treated in the kindest manner.

But, strolling about the town one day, not long after his arrival, he happened to come upon the parade of a company of grenadiers who had just received the rout for Italy. They were brilliantly equipped—their spirits were high—and their drums loud. Moustache, fired on the instant with a portion of their fine enthusiasm—He cut the grocer for ever, slunk out of that town, and joined the grenadiers ere they had marched an hour.

He was dirty—he was tolerably ugly—but there was an intelligence, a sparkle, a brightness about his eye that could not be overlooked. "We have not a single dog in the regiment," said the *pefit tambour*, "and, at any rate, he looks as if he could forage for himself." The drum-major, having his pipes to his mouth, nodded assent; and Moustache attached himself to the band.

The recruit was soon found to be possessed of considerable tact, and even talent. He already fetched and carried to admiration.—Ere three weeks were over, he could not only stand with as erect a back as any private in the regiment, but shoulder his musket, act sentinel, and keep time in the march. He was a gay soldier, and of course lived from paw to mouth; but ere they reached the Alps, Moustache had contrived to cultivate a particular acquaintance with the messman of his company,—a step which he had no occasion to repent.

He endured the fatigues of Mont St. Bernard with as good grace as any veteran in the army, and they were soon at no great distance from the enemy. Moustache by this time had not only become quite familiar with the sound of the

drums, but of military; and even seemed to be inspired with new ardour as he approached the scene of action.

The first occasion on which he distinguished himself was this:—His regiment being encamped on the heights above Alexandria, a detachment of Austrians, from the vale of Belbo, were ordered to attempt a surprise, and marched against them during the night.—The weather was stormy, and the French had no notion that any Austrians were so near them. Human suspicion, in short, was asleep, and the camp in danger. But Moustache was on the alert; walking his rounds, as usual, with his nose in the air, he soon detected the groggy Germans.—Their knapsacks, full of surerst and rancid cheese, betrayed them to his sagacity. He gave the alarm, and these foul feeders turned tail immediately—a thing that Moustache never did.

Next morning it was resolved, *nam con.* that Moustache had deserved well of his country. The Greeks would have voted him a statue; the Romans would have carried him in triumph, like the goose of the capitol. But Moustache was hailed with a more sensible sort of gratitude. He would not have walked three yards, poor fellow, to see himself cast in plaster; and he liked much better to tread on his own toes than to be carried breast high on the finest hand-barrow that ever came out of the hands of the carpenter.—The Colonel put his name on the roll—it was published in a regimental order, that he should henceforth receive the ration of a *général de brigade*, and Moustache was "*le plus heureux des chiens*."

He was now cropped *a la militaire*; a collar, with the name of the regiment, was hung round his neck, and the barber had orders to comb and shave him once a week.

From this time Moustache was certainly a different animal. In fact, he became so proud, that he could scarcely pass any of his canine brethren without lifting his leg.

In the meantime, a skirmish occurred, in which Moustache had a new opportunity of showing himself. It was here he received his first wound,—it, like all the rest, was in front. He received the thrust of a bayonet in his left shoulder, and with difficulty reached the rear.—The regimental-surgeon dressed the wound which the Austrian steel had inflicted. Moustache suffered himself to be treated *secundum artem*, and remained in the same attitude, during several entire days, in the infirmary.

He was not perfectly recovered when

the great battle of Marengo took place. Louis as he was, he could not keep away from so grand a scene. He marched always keeping close to the banner, which he had learned to recognise among a hundred; and, like the flier of the great Gustavus, who whistled all through the battle of Lutten, Moustache never gave over barking until the evening closed upon the combatants of Marengo.

The sights of the bayonets was the only thing that kept him from rushing personally upon the Austrians; but his good fortune at last presented him with an occasion to do something. A certain German corporal had a large pointer with him; and this rash animal dared to shew itself in advance of the ranks. To detect him—to jump upon him—and to seize him by the throat—all this was, on the part of Moustache, only a movement *a la Française*. The German, being strong and bulky, despised to flinch, and a fierce struggle ensued. A musket-ball interrupted them; the German dog fell dead on the spot; and Moustache, after a moment of bewilderment, put up his paw, and discovered that he had lost an ear. He was puzzled for a little, but soon regained the line of his regiment; and Victory having soon after shewn herself a faithful goddess, ate his supper among his comrades with an air of satisfaction that spoke plainer than words. "When posterity talk of Moustache, it will be said, That dog was also at Marengo."

I think it has already been observed, that Moustache owned no particular master, but considered himself as the dog of the whole regiment. In truth, he had almost an equal attachment for every one that wore the French uniform, and a sovereign contempt to boot for every thing in plain clothes. Trades-people and their wives were dirt in his eyes, and whenever he did not think himself strong enough to attack a stranger, he ran away from him.

He had a quarrel with his grenadiers, who, being in garrison, thought fit to chain Moustache to a sentry-box. He could not endure this, and took the first opportunity to escape to a body of chasseurs, who treated him with more respect.

The sun of Austerlitz found him with his chasseurs. In the heat of the action he perceived the Ensign, who bore the colours of his regiment, surrounded by a detachment of the enemy. He flew to his rescue—barked like ten furies—did every thing he could to encourage the young officer—but in vain. The gentleman sunk, covered with a hundred

wounds, but not before, feeling himself about to fall, he had wrapped his body in the folds of the standard. At the moment the cry of victory reached his ear; he echoed it with his last breath, and his generous soul took its flight to the shade of heroes. Three Austrians had already bit the dust under the sword of the ensign, but five or six still remained about him, resolved not to quit until they had obtained possession of the colours; he had so nobly defended. Moustache, meanwhile, had thrown himself on his dead comrade, and was on the point of being pierced with half a dozen bayonets, when the fortune of war came to his relief. A discharge of grape-shot swept the Austrians into oblivion. Moustache missed a paw, but of that he thought nothing. The moment he perceived that he was delivered from his assailants, he took the staff of the French banner in his teeth, and endeavoured all he could to disengage it. But the poor ensign had gripped it so fast in the moment of death, that it was impossible for him to get it out of his hands. The end of it was, that Moustache tore the silk from the cane, and returned to the camp limping, bleeding and laden with this glorious trophy.

Such an action merited honours; nor were they denied. The old collar was taken from him, and General Jannes ordered a red ribbon to replace it, with a little copper medal, on which were inscribed these words:—"Il perdit une jambe à la bataille d'Austerlitz, et suava le drapeau de son régiment." On the reverse:—"Moustache, chien Français: qu'il soit partout respecté et chéri comme un brave." Meantime it was found necessary to amputate the shattered limb. He bore the operation without a murmur, and limped with the air of a hero.

One day a chasseur, mistaking his dog no doubt, hit him a chance blow with the flat side of his sabre. Moustache, piqued to the heart, deserted, abandoning at once his regiment and his family. He attached himself to some dragoons, and followed them into Spain.

He contrived to be infinitely useful in these new campaigns. He was always first up and first dressed. He gave notice the moment anything struck him as suspicious; he barked at the least noise, except during night marches, when he received a hint that secrecy was desirable. At the affair of the Sierra Moria, Moustache gave a signal proof of his zeal and skill, by bringing home in safety to the camp, the horse of a dragoon who had had the misfortune to be killed. How he had managed it no one could tell exactly; and the moment he saw him in

the hands of a soldier, he turned and flew back to the field.

Moustache was killed by a cannon ball, on the 11th of March, 1811, at the taking of Badajoz. He was buried on the scene of his last glories, collar, medal, and all. A plain stone served him for a monument; and the inscription was simply,—

"Cy git le brave Moustache."

The French historian of Moustache adds, but, we hope, without sufficient authority, that the Spaniards afterwards broke the stone, and that the bones of the dog were burnt by order of the Inquisition.—*Janus or the Edinburgh Almanack.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SHERIDAN AND LORD RO- CHESTER.

SHERIDAN is said to have embodied his graver commentaries on the correspondence of the Whig Lords in 1811, in the following *jeu-d'esprit*; "the effect of which," it is added, "in a certain quarter may be easily imagined."

AN ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE.

In all humility we crave
Our Regent may become our slave;
And being so, we trust that he
Will thank us for our loyalty.
Then if he'll help us to pull down
His father's dignity and crown,
We'll make him in some time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

Whether Sheridan really addressed these lines to the Prince Regent, we cannot say; but if he addressed them to him as original ones, he presented his Royal Highness with a great libel upon his reading. The *jeu-d'esprit* is all but a transcript from some well-known lines of Lord Rochester, and a bungling one. Compare, in particular, the fourth line.

THE COMMONS' PETITION TO KING CHARLES II.

In all humility we crave
Our sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he will be
Betrayed by us most loyally;
And if he please once to lay down
His sceptre, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

THE KING'S ANSWER.

Charles at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

Speaking of the King and Sheridan, we ought not to omit this mention of a fact which has just transpired. The

Prince Regent, it appears, offered to purchase Sheridan's seat in Parliament, for which purpose he lodged 4,000*l.* in the hands of a solicitor. This was not long before the death of Sheridan. Though the offer was declined, the Prince did not resume the money, but directed that Sheridan might have it for his private purposes, to which end the sum was actually appropriated.—*New Monthly Mag.*

OPINIONS FOR 1826.

As far as any thing can be predicated of the present, by the most immediate past, I shall be inclined to say that it is loyal, and proper, and promotive of social order—to affect a certain tone of liberality or rather of good fellowship in matters of politics; to give the ministers of the day credit for what they do, without casting too violently into their teeth reproaches for what they have left undone. It is fashionable for Tories to be liberal in political economy, and for Whigs to make large allowances for ministerial corruption. It is good taste to pity the Catholics, even though you vote against them; and a laugh may be indulged against Lord Eldon, without forfeiting your place in good company. Personality and invective are more sparingly employed, and are less generally admired than last year. "No popery," as some people imagine, is growing again into favour, and it certainly is possible for the advocates of Catholic emancipation to give it a helping hand, by pushing forward ultramontane pretensions, and advancing jesuitical doctrines; but if our judgment be not greatly deceived, the movement is, for the present, confined to a little knot of intriguing parsons and self-important corporators; so that we shall not risk the loss of a single reader by our strenuous support of religious liberty. In matters of religion, the war against Sunday apple-stalls has still a certain general vogue, but the Bishop of Peterborough's additions to the thirty-nine articles are so far thought apocryphal, that it is not deemed absolute blasphemy to deny them. The tide of popularity has ceased to set strongly towards Hatton-garden; and strange to say, men seek for religion and morality in Broad-street, St. Giles. Mr. Martin's efforts to inoculate the lower classes with humanity are in general very commendable; but we have not heard that a single country squire has been sent to the tread-mill, for making game of God's creatures. Appos of the tread-mill; that engine is still popularly believed to be a mild, efficacious, and equal instrument of punish-

ment, and an admirable step to a gradual reformation of manners. Having long beards on a Sunday morning is decidedly "a barbarous deed," but the taste is not the less universally in favour of pastry-cooks' shops on that day; and Gunter is not a bit the more likely to be hot in the next world, for cooling the throats of his Sunday customers with pine-apple ice in this. Tithes are beyond all question as good property as an estate, if not absolutely of divine right; but Archbishop Magee's opinions will not bear examination. The major part of the country villages are not in a state of absolute religious darkness; but the wild Irish ought to be forced to read the bible without note or comment, *whether they can or no*. As for Mechanics' Institutions, I am afraid you have not quite made up your mind, my readers, whether they are, or are not, a conspiracy against social order; but I don't think you will chip off a man's nose for advocating them, provided it be moderately, and with good discretion. Mr. Keen may now be allowed to act in peace; more especially as the Americans have taken to quarrelling with his morality. Miss Foote has—a very pretty anecdote. Washington Irving is on a visit with his namesake. Cobbett is on the road to Coventry, or to Rome, "such fellows" (as Cowley says) "will find room any where." Sir Harcourt Lees will not be made a Protestant bishop, nor Mr. O'Connell, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The corn laws are not at all less popular with country squires than they were last year; I don't know how matters may be in Glasgow and Manchester. Forging bank-notes is a very capital offence; and so too is stealing apples from an orchard. How is our mother Eve to be eradicated from fourth-form boys? why, by fine and imprisonment. *Fine* talking this; but it is *less* not the less; "ay marry, Crown's quest law."—There are positively no abuses whatever in the Court of Chancery. Paris has by many degrees fewer attractions than formerly, and a residence abroad is neither so respectable nor so economical as it was thought to be three or four years ago. The perfection of dramatic composition is a good pantomime, with horses and real water. Tragedy is a bore, and comedy not to be written. In music, *Allah, illah, Allah*, there is no god but Rosini, and Pasta is his prophet. The marriage of Unitarians in the name of the Holy Trinity is no mockery of sacred things, no violation of the liberty of conscience, and tends manifestly and directly to the support of church and state, and to promoting "glory to God in the high-

est, and on earth peace and good will towards men:" *esto perpetuus!*" Walter Scott is the great unknown; Walter Scott is not the great unknown: it is beginning to pass current that the great unknown is—a steam engine. Country bank notes are not quite as good as sovereigns, and joint-stock companies are excellent sinking-funds for a floating capital. The Greeks don't care two straws for liberty, and the Turks are tolerably good Christians. "Charley is my darling," is the darling of all good judges of music; "We are all noddin'" does not set people to sleep; and "Cherry ripe" is not the least upon the turn. There exists in the City of London a corporate body called the Royal Society of Literature, though, like Russell-square, after Hook's borrowed joke, it is not very generally known. It produces first-rate geniuses, and is of infinite utility to social order. It is not an engine of state quackery. We deem it still fashionable to talk of "the Arts" in England; and "portrait of a gentleman" passes current as synonymous for a picture. London has changed its mind, and is no longer going to York, having lately advanced two stages on the Bath road. Nothing East of the spot "where formerly stood Hyde Park turn-pike gate," to be longer construed as in London. Has the Opera House a wall to stand upon? *ampius inquirendum*. Mr. T. Moore is gone to Edinburgh to consult Sir W. Scott on his proposed Life of Lord Byron; and Sir W. will probably avail himself of the opportunity of consulting Mr. T. M. on his proposed Life of Napoleon. Mr. Canning is gone to consult the Emperor Alexander on his proposed bill for emancipating the Catholics. And Messrs. Campbell and Brougham have written to the College of the Propaganda on the foundation of the London University. Der Frieschuts has shot his seventh bullet. Cambridge and Oxford are the only places of gentlemanly education, and Greek metres and nonsense verses often ably contribute to a knowledge of affairs and the formation of statesmen. All the world are agreed on the propriety of one half of the proposed plans for improving the metropolis—that which relates to pulling down the old houses. Roman cement is more durable and slightly than stone; and of all the orders of architecture, Nash's disorder is the most admirable—"most admired disorder"—*Shakespeare*. The Roman Catholic religion is the best possible for the Continent, and the worst for Irishmen; yet it is better that the Irish should be Papists than Unitarians: *ergo*, Unitarians may sit in Parliament, and Catholics

must be excluded. Some slight doubts are allowable on the palley of checking infidelity by persecution. A man who has spent his whole days and nights over law-books and law, is the best possible judge of life and philosophy; and a seat on the bench is an indisputable title to an intuitive knowledge of political economy, and the nature of things—*vide* Judge Best v. Harriet Wilson's printer. The people of England are the wisest and best of men; the most thinking and the most religious people in the world. The natives of the Continent are a set of fools, knaves, and atheists. London porter is as wholesome as it is palatable. The lord mayor is the greatest potentate in Europe. Lord Amherst is the greatest governor-general India ever saw. John Bull is the pink of courtesy and profundity; and the Scotch boroughs are models of popular election.

These, I take it, are the most popular and prevalent opinions going. As many as are of this opinion will please to say "Aye;" those of a contrary opinion will say "No;" and the Ayes have it.—Jb.

LETTERS FROM JOHN WESLEY AND ALLAN RAMSAY.

JOHN WESLEY.*

I am afraid, Sir, I shall not have an opportunity of procuring you those tracts till I return to London. The gentleman from whom I expected to procure them is not yet come hither.

I have desired Mr. Swindells to beg your acceptance of two or three little tracts which perhaps you have not seen. I had forgot to mention one, which, (if you have it not already,) would probably give you pleasure. The title is (nearly) this, "A Letter to a Bishop, occasioned by some late Discoveries in Religion." There are two parts of it.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
22d Oct. 1749. JOHN WESLEY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Sir,—I hope by this time you have given shelter under your roof to my Jean Jacques Rousseau: who, if he should prove less witty, will be, at the same time, less ungrateful, less mischievous, and less changeable, than his predecessor. I am afraid, however, that both of them are attended with more expense than their company is worth, as you will see by the note which, in obedience to your com-

mands, I have enclosed, who are, with great respect,
Sir, I am, Sir,
Your most obliged,
and most humble servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

London, June 16, 1767.

THE SAME.

Sir,—I have received the money of your draught for Rousseau's picture and frame, for which I give you a great many thanks. As to the original, in every sense of the word, the last advice we had of him was by Lady Holland, who arrived at Calais the day after he left it, and where he had entertained the simple inhabitants with the hair breadth escapes his liberty and life had made in England. When he has disposed of himself we have not yet learnt; but so much importance will not continue long anywhere without being discovered.

I am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most obliged,
and most humble servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

London, July 8, 1767.

European Magazine.

A HINT TO WHIST PLAYERS.

WE (I and my constant partner, in love and whist,) have had a long run lately, like the bankers, of ill luck. Night after night—for the cards are of as regular occurrence as our Hyson—we have lost an average half-dozen of rubbers, without the set-off of a single point against the score.

Probably it may be hinted here that we are no adepts, and it would not become me to speak in contradiction. I confess willingly that I am not a Hoyle; yet, such as we are, jointly, we have overcome players of high repute. Not unto ourselves, but to propitious Fortune we attributed these victories; and now, under our own reverses, we claim to complain, as the "Duke" did, of a partial disposition.

I can put up with an occasional bad card-hand, as Job-like as any one. A wry, solitary device of trumps now and then, does not put me beside my tennis. I can go trumplings even once, twice or thrice, without an imprecation. I can sort, without pouting, some thirteen rable cards; and endure as heroically as Brightelmstone tradesfolk, a temporary privation of king and court favour. It would be strange, if the losses and crosses I have suffered in human dealings, had not taught the philosophy to endure any

* These letters are addressed to Richard Devenport, Esq.

reasonable proportion of whist adversity. If I can reckon up without fretting, the niggardly balances that are made out to me by my bookkeeper, I may safely, without chafing, tell over a haggardly account of *paper money*.

My gentle ally, as her mild, placid countenance might vouch for, exceeds me in resignation. She is the last whist-player in the world to be put out by a fair average of mishaps; but the repeated frowns of fortune, fickle, alas! no more, but against us perversely constant,—have ruffled even my meek partner. The acute mischance may be got over, but our confirmed ill-luck has become chronic. A temporary foul breeze may be worn out patiently, but a trade wind in one's teeth, what mortal can bear?

There is nothing mortifying, it may be said, in being outshuffled by a pack of pasteboard; that kings, queens, knaves, two by honour, or all the honours, fall to our adversaries, is the inevitable result of position in the cards, and disparages neither skill nor desert of ours. They were ours, they are their's, and may be our's again. That indeed is the pleasurable alternation in games of saw and of chance. But to rest always on the humble ground without any turn in the air, to be invariably cut by the better trumps, to be thranned by the aces, and never visited by the kings; to be sent to Coventry by all good cards; to thrive never; add, *never* thriving, to be sneered at implicitly by the old scandalous adage, —oh! 'tis intolerable!!!

What antique sacrifices or mysterious ceremonious rites, to the filleted goddesses have we omitted? Will she never, never again turn for us the tables, as we have turned often our unwickly, unlucky chairs?

I have not yet spoken of our worst grievance: there is a sore within a sore. It is the grave, demure, hypocritical viages of our conquerors, when they rise up, it may be, from their tenth victory, that galls us more than our defeat. With pointed, serious features, more worthy of a Quaker-rite than of whist settlements, they pick up (the buckram dowagers!) and pocket the trophy coin. To judge from our faces 'tis a drawn game, a four-fold disappointment; but whist, as the world knows, is incapable of such late and impotent conclusions. "Two," says Mr. Battle, the eloquent encomiast of whist, "two are exalted, two again are mortified;" but it would puzzle a disciple of Lavater to say which was which, at the close of our melancholy rubbers. As far as physiognomy goes, the winners protest that they would as lief have fore-

gone the double points, and the money. They have not achieved success, but had it thrust upon them. They repeat, like Coriolanus, of their conquest. They begrudge themselves, or might be supposed to begrudge themselves their gains.—If it were not a joint object with them to be as successful as we. They are loath, so their formal looks signify, to put us to the trial of a triumph; or they fear, and half anticipate the pigeon-like flutter of the whole brood of pasteboard about their wary ears.

If they mean thus, let them know that we hate their sham insincere moderation, we are offended by their uncourteous mistrust. Do they think, forsooth, that we can afford to lose so many shillings nightly, and of that they never affect a doubt, but that we are too poor in patience to put up with a simple smile? Is it less an offence to question our good breeding and self-government, than to hint a suspicion of our finances? Is the suppressed chuckle in their sleeves likely to be less provoking than the fair frank laugh against us? Do they flatter themselves, that we perceived not, in the beginning, their ill-concealed giggling and titterings behind their card-fans, for joy of the lucky distribution? Did their lurking aces leap out lingeringly, reluctantly, or eagerly, upon our untimely queens and kings? Did they chuckle or sigh, with overmastering trumps, to cut up the poor remnants of hopeful suits? It would be better if they clapped their hands and crowed over us, bragging would be preferable to their meek modesty. We scorn their untimely gravity; we resent their insolent humility. Do they think we are not competent to carry off ten times their prosperity, or our own losses, with an equal propriety? To be sure, say they, the honours fell very much against you, or some such impertinent condolence. Do we or chance need their excuses? do we write or blaspheme under our reflections? If at such moments I do betray some tokens of impatience, utter a few peevish phrases, it is because their triumph of temper has "triumphed over mine."

Is our skill so notably inferior, to find another explanation for their manners, that our defeat is a joyless and matter-of-course termination? Their good fortune, which made another result improbable, forbids such an interpretation. Nevertheless, in some rare instances *afortune*, when chance favoured us, they have been pleased to express that no skill could compete with such lucky cards as we held, or some speech as tantamount to the assumption.

It is still possible, and for their mo-

desty's sake desirable, that they are of those lukewarm players, the aversion of Mrs. Battle, the half-and-half gamesters, "who have no objection to take a hand if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and to lose another; that they can wile away an hour very agreeably at a card table, but are indifferent whether they play or no."

There is no offence in that case, to any but themselves in their listless achievements. They only amuse themselves in a melancholy manner (as Froissart twits us), according to the custom of their breed. But I would rather play (they must pardon me) against double dummies, or be beaten by two wooden whist dolls, cousins to the chess-playing automaten. At any rate, since it is all one to their faces and feeling, I would rather that they lost than we, the money and the rubbers. 'Tis my pleasant infirmity not to be proof against the excitements and depressions of the game. A main good stroke of chance or skill makes me chuckle; I love to mutter a half earnest malediction on an untimely ace. The odd trick makes me rub my palms together. I like to win my battle, and then to have an illumination.

After all, possibly I have done the dear dowagers an injustice. It is perchance some formality-rule of the old buckram age, that compels their features to that demure fashion. The courtly Chesterfield, of sway absolute in their school-time, denounces, I recollect, the vulgarity of audible and hearty laughter; and, at or after a rubber of whist, he may somewhere have forbidden them to smile. 'Tis a maxim, perhaps, in some old Dilworth code of courtesy, but it is an error in whist-breeding, and ought to be expunged. There is a special proverb against it:—

Let those laugh that win."

THOMAS PAM.
London Magazine.

ANECDOTE OF BURKE AND SHERIDAN.

THE irritability of Burke is well known, and was strongly exemplified on many occasions in the course of Hastings's impeachment, in his conduct, not only towards his opponents, but also towards his colleagues. On one occasion, Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor had nearly fallen a victim to this infirmity. Burke had put a question, the only one, it is said, which he had ever put that was unexceptionable,

both in substance and in form ("Mr. Law, (the late Lord Ellenborough,) one of Hastings's counsel, objected to it; and was stating the grounds of his objection, when, perceiving Mr. M. A. Taylor entering the manager's box, he congratulated the house that the candour and legal experience of the learned manager, (meaning Mr. M. A. Taylor,) would at once induce him to admit that such a question could not be put consistently with those rules of evidence with which his learned friend was so eminently conversant. Upon which, M. A. Taylor, (who had never before been so respectfully referred to as an authority, and who was worked upon like the crow in the fable complimented on her singing,) coming forward, requested the learned counsel to restate the question, which Mr. Law having done, Mr. T. instantly observed, that it was impossible to contend that it was admissible. On this, Mr. Burke, forgetting every thing but his question, seized M. A. Taylor by the collar, exclaiming: "You little villain! Put him in irons, put him in irons," dragged him down, and had almost succeeded in throttling him, when Mr. Fox came in to his rescue. The scene is by no means more pleasantly described than by Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor himself.

— There is a fine image of Sheridan's, which I have heard but never seen in print: it should not be lost. Describing the effect produced by the march of Hastings from Oude to Bohages, he said: "Terror in his front, rebellion in his rear; for wherever the heel of oppression was raised, trodden misery sprung up and looked about for vengeance." This has escaped the reporter of the speech. 16.

PAUL PRY.

It has not, we believe, been observed by any journalist, that the principal plot of this dramatic piece is borrowed from *Le Vieux Celibataire* of Collin-Harleville. Like Witherington, Dubriage is tyrannized over by two artful domestics, who have intercepted his nephew's letters. Mrs. Subtle is faithfully copied from the prototype in the original piece; and nearly all the minor details of this part of the drama are the same. We do not mention this circumstance from any wish to detract from the merit of Mr. Poole, who has so skillfully adapted the piece to our stage, but because it is somewhat singular that the copy should neither have been avowed by him, nor pointed out by any one else, the original being so well known to the admirers of the French drama; had it been an obituary or forgotten pro-

duction, we should not have been surprised at its not being recognised in its present form. The character of Paul Pry, which the author has engrafted on the French stock, and which he has with so much ability made to contribute to the denouement of the plot, sufficiently rescues him from the imputation of being a mere copier or an awkward plagiarist. We must observe, too, that there is some originality, at least, in the idea of representing curiosity as a male rather than a female failing. We wish, however, that the author would marry his hero, and give a pair of Eyes. Paul would make an excellent husband, for his curiosity, great as it is, would never render him unfaithful to his home. — *Literary Chron.*

The Barberer.

"I am the Barberer and shaver of other men's heads," said the Barberer to the Doctor Farmer, in preaching, was so loud and hurried in his enunciation, and so violent in his setting off, as to make the people start. As a proof of his hurrying manner in the pulpit, he used to relate, that having been to preach at Huntingdon, on his return, riding over the bridge, he heard a man say to his companion, "Are there he goes; if he rides as fast as he preaches, he will soon be at Cambridge."

KATCLIFFE.
This celebrated collector of old black letter books resided in East-lane, Red-rick. His house was once on fire, and he ran about the place like a madman, exclaiming, "Oh, my Caxtons! oh, my Caxtons!" His housekeeper, thinking he meant his wife, said, "Sir, I beg you will not be so uneasy about your wife; she is all safe."

WALPOLE.
One of the principal maxims of Sir Robert Walpole, the first Earl of Orford, of that name, was "Not to stir what is at rest." However, Sir Robert being afflicted with the stone, after having recourse to a variety of nostrums for the relief of that dreadful disorder, took Mrs. Stephens's medicine, then newly discovered (for which Parliament gave her £5,000), which killed him. On his death bed he said, "He fell by the neglect of his own maxim."

PUNCTUATION.
SOMETIMES the ancient oracles accomplished their prophecies by the transposition of a stop, as in the well-known

answer to a soldier, inquiring his fate in the war for which he was about to embark, "*Ibis, redibis, Nunquam in bello peribis.*" The warrior set off in high spirits upon the faith of this prediction, and fell in the first engagement; when his widow had the satisfaction of being informed, that he should have put the full stop after the word *nunquam*, which would probably have prevented his going to the war. F. W. D.

BLUNDER IN SMOLLETT'S HISTORY.

SMOLLETT, speaking of the aborigines of Britain in the opening of his "*History of England*," gravely states, "that they were extremely numerous, living in cottages thatched with straw, like those of the Gauls, and feeding large herds of cattle; they *owned* no corn." Where, in the name of all the profundity of dullness, did they get this straw, in an age when they were wholly cut off from the continent? It could never have been worth while for the Romans or Picts to carry it hither in their galleys. C. H.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Davy on the Orders of Architecture. *Blunders and Customs of all Nations*, No. 1. On Machinery and Culture. *Alphano*. P. Y. W. and G. W. N. in my next.

We almost fear the length of A. B. C.'s communication will be an objection.

We are afraid we shall be suspected of something like hostility to the Muses when we accuse our correspondents that the liberality of their poetic contributions so far exceeds our power of gratifying their wishes, that if we inserted nothing else in the Mirror for some months to come, we should not exhaust the stock we have on hand.

We stumble at the threshold in the Ode on the Birth of Blithness, when we find "gripe" made to rhyme with "might" in the first two lines.

The following have been received, and are intended for insertion — G. E. R. F. R. I. M. — C. H. G. H. W. G. B. C. P. King Cole.

Mr. Chapman will also we are anticipating his wishes.

The drawing kindly sent by S. I. B. is in the hands of the engraver.

Can the gentleman who favoured us with a drawing of Archbishop Laud's House, further oblige us with a description of it?

T. C. E. shall be attended to.

An Antiquarian has been partially anticipated in the Mirror. We shall feel obliged by the view offered by Georgetown.

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